

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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TRANSMISSION
IN THE
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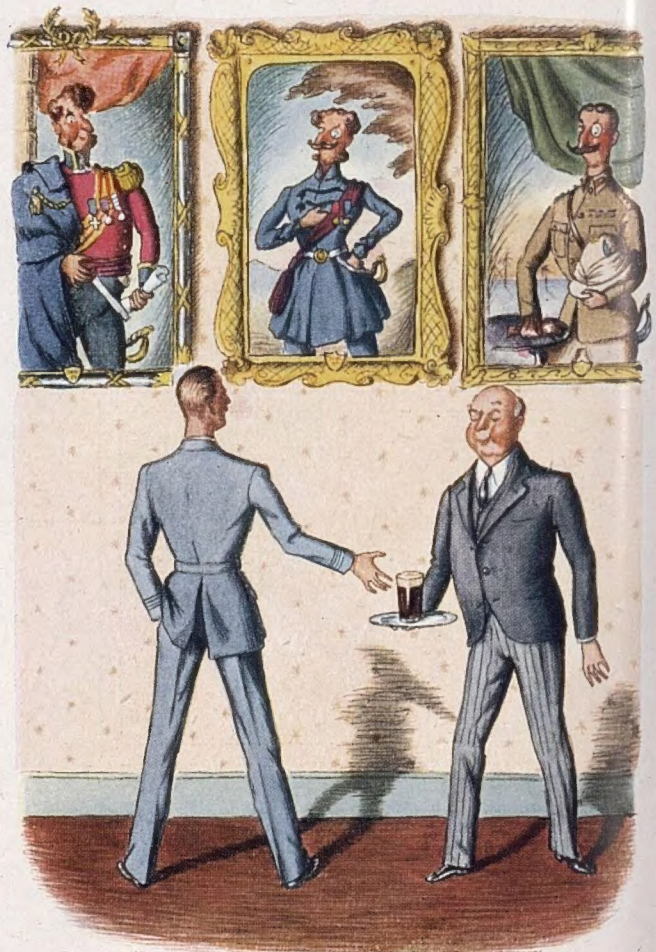
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Bertram Park

Wife of a Brilliant Soldier: The Hon. Lady Alexander

Lady Alexander, whose husband was appointed Commander-in-Chief the Middle East in August, is an active member of the W.V.S. in London. She was formerly Lady Margaret Bingham, younger daughter of the Earl of Lucan, and her marriage to General the Hon. Sir Harold Alexander, second brother of the Earl of Caledon, took place in 1931. General Alexander, who won the D.S.O. and the M.C. in the last war, and more recently commanded the Irish Guards, took over the command from Lord Gort at Dunkirk in 1940, and was one of the last to leave the beaches. After the fall of Rangoon, he was called in to conduct the difficult retreat from Burma, bringing four-fifths of his troops safely across the Indian frontier. Between Dunkirk and Burma he was G.O.C. Southern Command, and is recognised as one of the finest leaders of men in the Army today. With General Montgomery he personally directed and planned the present victorious Libyan offensive



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

White House Watch

SOON after General Montgomery launched his offensive in the desert the war maps in President Roosevelt's office were changed. The map of North Africa took the place of that of the Solomon Islands, which the President had been studying closely for many weeks. Every move made by General Montgomery was followed by President Roosevelt with the keenest interest and appreciation. He watched the process by which General Montgomery crumbled away Rommel's concentrated defences. Never in this war has an offensive been carried through so methodically. Nor have our soldiers ever fought with such confidence. From the outset they fought a winning battle which for many of them was a welcome change after those days in the past when only their doggedness finally kept the enemy at bay.

At this stage of the battle we can say that at last Field Marshal Rommel has been given a good lesson in generalship and tactics. This lesson was long overdue. Too much praise has been poured on Rommel. It has always been the opinion of Field Marshal Smuts that Rommel was more of a gambler than a military genius. In previous desert battles he's always had the advantage of weight as well as mobility. He gambled with both, and his lightning strokes impressed many people.

The present battle shows British generalship in its best and truest light.

Palace Visitor

BEFORE returning home Mrs. Roosevelt is expected to pay a farewell call on the King and Queen. It had been her intention to return to the United States before this, but they were most pressing that she should visit them again. They wanted to hear from Mrs. Roosevelt a full account of all she had seen and done. They wanted also to express their personal pleasure at her visit. Mrs. Roosevelt has seen every unit of the American Services stationed in this country, and every aspect of Britain's war effort. As a convinced democrat she was deeply touched when she stood on a dais and looked down on the ruins of the former Debating Chamber of the House of Commons which was bombed by Hitler. This is something she will tell the President about, for in its way this grim relic of history is typical of this country at war. Not even Hitler has stopped free debate and criticism. Like every other aspect of our war effort seen by Mrs. Roosevelt, Members of the House of Commons, though robbed of their home, have marched with the times. They have kept abreast with the people who have worked and the men who have fought. So Mrs. Roosevelt can say to the King and Queen, as



A Film Actor's Medal

Lieutenant Leslie Fenton, R.N.V.R., well-known British film actor and director, received the D.S.C. for his part in the St. Nazaire raid. Here he is at the Palace investiture with his wife, Ann Dworak, the American film actress

well as to the President, that Britain and her institutions remain as firmly fixed as ever.

Cockney Punch

IT is rather surprising that Mr. Herbert Morrison was selected by the War Cabinet to deliver Britain's reply to her critics in the United States and Soviet Russia. I would have preferred the Prime Minister as the spokesman of the people of Britain. No doubt Mr. Morrison was selected because of his position in the Labour Party. In any case, we should be satisfied that at last the British Government has decided to speak up for Britain, and to tell the world how great has been British effort. Only from the Government can the facts come in their proper perspective. Only Ministers know what we have achieved and what we have failed to achieve.

I have no doubt that our achievements overtop our failures. If I am right, I suggest that the time to tell this story of triumph of trial and error is now and not later in some dry-as-dust history. Let the men who are fighting so gloriously and the women who are toiling so long, know their achievements. Let the world know the facts and digest them. Mr. Morrison is a good Cockney, and very proud of the fact. He put real Cockney spirit into his speeches, the first of which told the people of America that we are not ashamed of our part in the world war, and the second gave the Russians a hint that we cannot perpetually be accused of resting on the job. It is only by telling our Allies and our friends what we have done, and are prepared to do, that we can reach understanding and appreciation. The day has gone by when we could rely on other people seeking out facts for themselves and then praising us for our modesty. In this connection I was pleased to see the statement of Mr. Brendan Bracken, the Minister of Information, recently. Joining in a discussion at the Mansion House as to how best Britons and Americans could be brought to understand each other more closely, he made an interesting suggestion. It was that there should be circulated in the United States a short history of England telling the story of our late years, and not beginning with 55 B.C. or solely concerned with the reign of King



W. Dennis Moss

Queen Mary's House Party for Mrs. Roosevelt

During a recent tour of American Army establishments "somewhere in England" Mrs. Roosevelt spent a night with Queen Mary at her country home. In this picture of the hostess and guests are the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Mrs. Roosevelt, Queen Mary and the Princess Royal. Mrs. Roosevelt said that her husband had particularly hoped she would meet Queen Mary. The Duchess of Beaufort was Lady Mary Cambridge and is the daughter of Queen Mary's elder brother, the late Marquess of Cambridge



Two More of Those Decorated at a Recent Investiture

Wing-Commander Percy Charles Pickard, D.S.O. D.F.C., pilot of "F for Freddy" in "Target for Tonight," was awarded a bar to his D.S.O. His wife and mother went to the investiture with him. Wing-Commander Pickard led the aircraft in the parachute raid on the Bruneval radiolocation station last February, and has since been attached to the Airborne Division for special duties.

Lieutenant the Hon. Robert Andrew Inskip was awarded the D.S.C. for gallantry and distinguished services during the evacuation of Crete. His parents, Viscount Caldecote (Lord Chief Justice) and Viscountess Caldecote, accompanied him to the Palace to receive the medal.

George III. By all means let us have a history of Britain for Americans, and let it be a living history concerned with what we are all doing and trying to do now!

Anglo-American Relations

THE elections to Congress are over. Miss Clare Boothe, the sparkling wife of Mr. Henry Luce, proprietor of *Time*, *Fortune* and *Life*, has become a member of the House of Representatives. Mr. Hamilton Fish, a former isolationist who once met Hitler and got the shock of his life, is also back in Congress. Mr. Thomas Dewey is the new Governor of New York, the first Republican to occupy this position for twenty years. One of Mr. Dewey's first acts was to call for national unity and to pledge his loyalty to President Roosevelt. This is the real spirit of the United States. It is a tribute to the democratic principles of President Roosevelt and to the character of the American people that they can hold elections in the middle of this world war, in which they are now so deeply involved.

The swing towards the Republican Party was expected. Indeed the Opposition always fares better in elections of this kind. But if President Roosevelt were to do as Hitler used to do and demand a plebiscite (without rubber truncheons) I have no hesitation in forecasting the result. Mr. Roosevelt stands as high as ever in the estimation of the people of the United States. They believe in him and in his policies. His personal character and his principles are unassailable. There are a few—the noisy few—who cry against him and against us. But they are a few, and they do not represent the hopes of the many. We must remember this in trying to assess the spirit of America.

Just Tribute

THE Aircraft Mission from the United States which was headed by Mr. T. P. Wright, Director of American Aircraft Production, has returned home after a visit to this country. All the members were enthusiastic about the organisation of the British aircraft industry, the methodical dispersal of factories to avoid air bombardment, the morale of the workers, and particularly the efficiency of the women workers. They were equally impressed by the control of raw materials established in this

country, which apparently is more effective than that in the United States, inasmuch as we have reached the stage where there are practically no bottlenecks. Much of this efficiency is due to Sir Wilfrid Freeman, formerly Vice-Chief of the Air Staff. Sir Wilfrid voluntarily retired from the Royal Air Force to devote himself to problems of production. He is now virtually dictator in the field of aircraft production. It is a post which suits

him well, for he has devoted all his thoughts to aeroplane design, construction, and development. The four years which preceded this war found Sir Wilfrid battling to prepare the foundation of the aircraft industry, which has expanded so quickly and so effectively. He is a man of few words but many convictions. By nature he is retiring, and he prefers country life—particularly fishing—to town life. Behind his desk he sits and smokes one of the smallest possible pipes. But from his brain he drives production to the limit.

Red Tape Reform

THE appointment of a Chief of Staff for the Civil Service is suggested by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. This Committee has been investigating the organisation which runs Whitehall in peace and war. Naturally the Committee has found faults and provided its own recommendations. In such a vast organisation—where protection goes by pension and reward largely by honours—there are bound to be faults. There's hardly a business man who has not some complaint against the Civil Service. But I would like to say something to the credit of these men who are supposed to be tied by red tape. They have done a good job in this war. They have worked hard.

Look at the Ministry of Food. Lord Woolton is reckoned as one of the most successful ministers. But the foundation of his success was laid in the days before the war and immediately after the war started. The Civil Servants worked hard to prepare the plans to feed the country in emergency. Lord Woolton has responsibility for directing and administering these plans. But he did not do the spade work, nor had he to experience the teething troubles of such a vast and important department. There are Civil Servants in every other department who have worked as hard and as long, but their efficiency is never praised, only their mistakes come to life. All the same it is a wholesome sign that we should seek improvements. When all is said and done, the British Civil Service is an organisation which is the envy of all other countries. I have seen it operating at international conferences and the efficiency of individuals and their team work has been remarkable.



Alex. Corbett

The Duke of Connaught

Lieutenant the Duke of Connaught, son of the late Prince Arthur of Connaught, succeeded his grandfather to the Dukedom last year. He has been serving in the Middle East with his regiment, The Royal Scots Greys, and recently returned home on short leave.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Who Reads Film Criticism?

By James Agate

WHY have our highbrow critics failed to perceive that the entire charm of the cinema lies in its quality of being ephemeral? Sit through a serious play in the theatre, and you will undergo an experience which lasts. Certainly until you get home, sometimes all next day, and sometimes for the rest of your life. I can think of pieces of acting forty years ago the memory of which thrills me to this very day. As against this I can think of no screen performance from which I have not recovered before I have retrieved my hat. Once in the street I forget not only the title of the film but also what the story has been about. And as far as the names of the screen players are concerned, they are what Ethel Monticue called "piffle before the wind."

Well, I suppose I just differ from the rest of the human race in this. There exists a strange kind of animal to be seen daily in bus and tube, whom I hear telling a friend things like this: "If you ask me, dear, I think 'er best part was in *What Men Adore*. I saw it last month—Saturday night it was—with Ada at the Grand Palace. You know, when John Macmussel takes 'er in 'is arms and crushes 'er lips . . . oh, Ada and me cried ever so."

THE foregoing has been brought about by a letter from a publisher containing an offer of so much cash that I didn't know whether to classify it as bullion or specie. But of course there was a snag. He wanted a book. The idea was, that I might like to re-publish a selection of my film criticisms. I confess that I found this notion utterly staggering. Remember, there are only two kinds of film criticism. There is the sort the highbrows write, all

about camera-angles and montage, the sub-conscious and the sub-fusc. This is read by unwashed Bloomsburyites wearing thin beards and corduroy trousers, drinking Russian tea through straws in some damp, underground hole, miscalled a café.

The other kind of criticism is the sort I purvey. This is read entirely by women whose hair appears to have become entangled with the chandeliers of beauty parlours. I should be horrified to think that this stuff of mine—admirably readable though it may be while you are being Eugène'd and Ardenated—is perused by you, dear lady, when you have done with titivating and have regained your normal mind. But to re-capture these soap-bubbles and print them and bind them in a book—no, a thousand times no! *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* The answer is that they are jolly well where they ought to be, in the limbo of the past. Who remembers the performances by these old screen players? Was there not somebody called Vilma Banky? Yes. But was it a man or a woman? And does anybody nowadays care a hoot how he or she played, and in what films he or she appeared? Were they silent or were they talkies? As Vilma is now, so will Mr. X and Miss Y be in another twenty years—forgotten.

I must confess to toying a little with the publisher's idea. You see, I have preserved all my film criticisms, hundreds of them, neatly pasted in several bound volumes. And weakly do I confess that there are quite a number of things I should like to reproduce. There is my remark about Norma Shearer: "She has now acquired so much poise that she cannot walk, and is become so soignée she can no longer sit." Or "My particular

dislike of Jew-baiting in Germany is that it is going to lead to a great many more films extolling that people at unbearable length." When "Abraham Lincoln" was screened the producer made Lincoln say after the famous Gettysburg speech: "Thank you." "Which," I commented, "is like listening to Bach's *Toccata and Fugue* and then hearing the organist blow his nose." About Garbo laughing: "She opens her mouth wide and goes through the motions of laughter. But it is mirthless laughter, like the yawning of a horse." "Let me ask whether Walt Disney by being more ocular has become more jocular." "Her exquisite face is as expressionless and has become as familiar as a wall-paper." "The film shattered one of my fondest hopes. For years I have wanted to see Joan Crawford in a gas mask." And lastly the criticism of a cinema pianist to which I shall award the honour of an inset:

"When I arrived a pianist was thumping out something that sounded like goodish Grieg. But before I had deposited my hat, the player's material had undergone sudden and violent descent to what one might call tripe à la mode de Saint-Saëns."

THE best film this week is *Across the Pacific* at the Regal. This is a really magnificent spy-picture with a first-class piece of acting by Humphrey Bogart. And something in the way of playing even better by Sydney Greenstreet as a renegade American who has gone over to the Japanese. Here is also my favourite screen actress, Mary Astor, though her part is so bad that it would have been worth her while to buy herself out of it!

The Forest Rangers at the Plaza is all about Paulette Goddard and a forest fire. And a lot more about Paulette which is excellent if you happen to like Paulette. In case you don't, think there should have been a little more fire. I thought I glimpsed Fred MacMurray somewhere in the picture, but I couldn't be quite sure as I was far too dazzled by Paulette's teeth, which, as ever, dominate the entire screen.



The Effect of War on an American Family is told in "The War Against Mrs. Hadley" (Empire) News of Pearl Harbour disrupts not only Mrs. Hadley's birthday dinner party, but also her very pleasant easy life and the life of her family and household. Mrs. Hadley is not unpatriotic but she dislikes being inconvenienced in any way and although nearly every one of her acquaintances is immersed in war, she herself refuses to change her manner of living. Her behaviour antagonises not only her staff but also her daughter, Patricia (who throws herself wholeheartedly into Red Cross work), and her old admirer and friend Elliott Fulton. It is only when Mrs. Hadley hears that Patricia is to have a baby and Elliott comes back into her life, that she relents and decides once for all to give up the entirely selfish and unsatisfactory pleasures of her life. Above, left: Mrs. Hadley and Elliott Fulton (Fay Bainter, Edward Arnold). Right: Patricia meets her future mother-in-law (Van Johnson, Sara Allgood, Jean Rogers)

Singapore, Zanzibar—Now Morocco

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope Are Shipwrecked in the Land of the Sheiks and Find Themselves This Time on "The Road to Morocco"



Jeff Peters (Bing Crosby) and Turkey Jackson (Bob Hope) find some rough corners in the Palace of Mullay Kasim in spite of the jewels and rich garments with which they have provided themselves



Old Hyder Khan (played by Vladimir Sokoloff, the well-known Russian character actor, now in Hollywood) impersonates a Moroccan astrologer. With him are Anthony Quinn, as the Sheik Mullay Kasim, the villain of the story, and Dorothy Lamour

Another "Road" picture is coming to the Plaza on Friday, the 13th. This time the Crosby-Hope-Lamour team who took the Road to Singapore in 1940 and the Road to Zanzibar in 1941, have chosen Morocco, the land of the sheiks, for their adventures. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are two American vagabonds shipwrecked on the coast of Morocco. It is when they meet Dorothy Lamour, this time appearing as the sumptuous Princess Shalmar, that they reach the high spots of their adventures. Five new songs are introduced, all by Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen. The film was produced by Paul Jones and directed by David Butler



At the moment, it seems as if Bob is having all the luck. He orders his rival, the unfortunate Bing, to be thrown out of the presence of the exquisite Princess Shalmar (Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope)



But Bing has his day. Here he is on a picturesque balcony with all the scents and glamour of a tropical night surrounding, alone at last with the elusive Princess (Dorothy Lamour, Bing Crosby)

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Du Barry Was a Lady (His Majesty's)

WHEN the authors of musical comedy books turn their attention to the past, the muse of history may well have qualms. Not that Clio herself is always scrupulously impartial. She has been known to tolerate, if not to inspire, widely different versions of the same events, and to leave her votaries guessing. Yet her accredited agents have a professional regard for the material they handle, and treat it seriously according to their lights. Our jocular librettists are more enterprising. They are no respecters of persons, nor are they sticklers for chapter and verse. They raid Clio's record office, take the stuff as it comes, and cut it to suit their books. Their footnotes are supplied by Terpsichore.

As Hamlet, on a mournful occasion, ironically observed:

"Imperial Caesar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;"

and this being the case, the shade of so comparatively minor a monarch as King Louis the Fifteenth of France need hardly feel affronted at being cast to play the hero of such a fantasy as this.

Where the eighteenth century is concerned, our more frivolous authors tend to pay greater regard to modes than to manners; and this lively excursion to old Versailles certainly does more justice to the fashions that prevailed amid those pavilioned splendours than to their courtly habits. And while the playgoer's eye is pleasantly filled with pictorial pastiche, his ear is less seductively catered for. Fun, rather than pedantry, is the librettists' intent; and it would hardly be fair to blame them for all the curious twists given to these pseudo-historical excerpts, since they are the dream-fulfilled fancies of a New York cloakroom attendant, who, having inadvertently swallowed an opiate

intended for his rival in love, becomes independent of time and space, and monarch of all he surveys.

You probably remember that, when Christopher Sly was roused from his tavern slumbers, he found himself a lord, and was the bemused spectator of *The Taming of the Shrew*. When Louis Blore, the modern New Yorker,



(Left) Jackie Hunter makes his first appearance as Charley, applicant for the job as cloakroom attendant at The Club Petite

Sketches by Tom Titt

(Right) Dancers and entertainers at The Club Petite are Alice Barton and Harry Norton (Frances Marsden and Teddy Beaumont)



fell into that drugged sleep his film-inspired dreams were grander. He became a king, Louis of France, with powers, privileges, and affections to suit. And, as impersonated by

tion, but to account for the free and easy idiom of the court, and the even freer and easier manners of its exalted and sparkling personages. Not that any one, save perhaps a bear with a sore head, would wish to analyse the ingredients of a plot that gives rise to pictures as pleasant as these which Mr. Clifford Pember has designed, and such sumptuous costumery, or to question the vivacious skill with which Miss Day controls her spreading panniers and flaunts the acres of filmy whatnot that compose her skirts, while making circles round the amorous king, and finessing Mr. Cole Porter's lyrics.

THE angle from which this slice of French history is presented—like its scenes and manners—is perhaps less French than Bowery. His Majesty, for instance, is as prone to call a spade a bloodshot shovel, as to address a Duchess as "Sir," or the Du Barry as "Honey," and to look less impressively regal in a nightshirt than in full regalia. Minuets and gavottes, too, have a tendency to break inconspicuously into swing and jitter-bug without warning or self-consciousness, and court etiquette to go abruptly by the board. All this, however, is merely librettistic licence; and the King, the prime licentiate, can do no wrong.

Mr. Riscoe's eager profile has the Grand Monarchical slant, his eyes the royal avidity; and in his unaffected assumption of the throne there is something reassuringly regal, even if his deportment thereon is fraught with unregal lapses. He is at all times alive and amusing, not less in his commoner than in his royal moments; and of all his dynastic feats the paternity of that Dauphin, so wantonly enlivened by Mr. Jackie Hunter, is perhaps the most heroic.



The Du Barry vamps her King and, in return for promises, secures the life and safety of her lover, the offending song-writer, Alexandre (Bruce Trent, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe)



Off the Set

Richard Greene and His Wife, Patricia Medina

Fred Daniels

Richard Greene was one of the first British film actors to leave Hollywood after the outbreak of war. He came home to join the Army, and is now attached to the 27th Lancers. Special leave has been granted to him from time to time for film-making, and it was during the making of one of these films a year ago that Richard Greene first met Patricia Medina, who is now his wife. Patricia Medina has appeared in several films, *The Day Will Dawn* being amongst her most recent. Richard Greene was last seen on the screen in *Flying Fortress*, in which he co-starred with Carla Lehmann.

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

News of the Duchess of Kent

MOST welcome event for many weeks in royal circles was the re-entry of the Duchess of Kent into public life. She chose the W.R.N.S., of which she is Commandant, for her first visit, and went to their training depot at Mill Hill, and the London quarters for the girls in Hampstead. For the present, H.R.H. intends to confine her activities to Service affairs.

One of the Duchess's private visitors has been Mrs. Roosevelt, who was introduced to the President's godson, Prince Michael, born on Independence Day this year. Mrs. Roosevelt must have made a great many new friends during her visit over here. She has great personal charm, to which her photographs can never do justice, and a simple, quiet sincerity which cannot fail to endear her to all with whom she comes into personal contact. She has a beautiful speaking voice, gentle, yet strong; a gracious manner, and lovely hands, long, well-shaped, cool and capable.

Week-End Entertainment

LORD CLARENDON, who, as Lord Chamberlain, has a very deep professional interest in theatres, is rarely seen in a London theatre on a Sunday. But I noticed him at the Coliseum, among the big audience at the Solomon-Slobodskaya-Haendel concert in aid of the Comforts Funds for Russia, which was attended by M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, and Mme. Maisky, as well as a host of other distinguished people. Even Lord Clarendon, with his great experience of charity shows, both those attended by royalty and others, must have been surprised by the show of "fivers" that made their appearance when an appeal was made for funds, and a "note collection, if you please." The result was a sure indication of the strength of popular feeling, and practical sympathy, for the hardships our Russian Allies are suffering.

The day before, the Royal Albert Hall was crowded for the Saturday afternoon Celebrity concert. Mr. Francis Cassel chose some of the loveliest of Chopin and Liszt music for his recital, and was called back again and again at the end of his programme by a cheering audience. Incidentally, Mr. Francis Cassel is a great racing

enthusiast. He is the great-nephew of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, the banker, whose fortune was largely inherited by Lady Louis Mountbatten and her sister. He hopes to revive the Cassel colours immediately after the war and start a racing stable. Saturday was a fortunate day for him, for he told me he had backed Vic Oliver's Colorama, short-head winner of the Romney Nursery at Windsor, at 20-to-1.

End of the Flat

THE last day of flat-racing this year in the southern section was held at Windsor. There was a very big attendance, both of "regulars" and members of the Forces from many Allied nations. I noticed more American officers in the members' enclosure than I have seen at any previous race meeting; they were evidently appreciating a meeting so handy to get at, for a few hours off duty. This form of sport is most popular in their country. Most of the women wore fur coats, and lots of them had already got their fur-lined boots on, more like 'chasing clothes than flat-racing!

I noticed, amongst others, the Countess of Sefton, in a sensible pair of high fur-lined boots; she was wearing her lovely full-length mink coat. Lady Manton also had on a mink coat, but she was wearing bright yellow ankle-socks, with thick shoes, to keep her feet warm. It was very cold and wintry, and though actually fine during the racing, it was very wet underfoot.

Lady Northesk, hatless and in a leopard-skin coat, was greeting friends. Lady Petre was looking very nice in a tweed coat. (It was the first time I've seen her racing since the birth of her son and heir.) Mrs. Tony Bellville (Audrey Kidston before her marriage) was chatting with the Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly, and being greeted right and left by her many friends. She very seldom goes racing these days, and everyone was delighted to see her. Another stranger to a racecourse this year was Lady Fiona Fuller, in grey, with a most attractive hat with a quill in it. She is the younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden; her father has just been elected Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Lady Fiona's husband, Sir Gerard Fuller, is in the Middle East, and her younger brother, Lord Roderic Pratt, who is in the same regiment as Sir Gerard, has



A Dutch Naval Officer's Family

Above are the wife and small daughter of Lt. Michiel Hamers, Royal Netherlands Navy. Mrs. Hamers was formerly Miss Nancy Connell, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel J. C. W. Connell, and her daughter was christened in Perth and given the names of Catriona Margaret.

lately been wounded out there. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk were watching the Duke's horse, Kittyhawk, being saddled for the first race, the Duchess looking very neat in a long coat of wine red and hat of the same colour. Captain and Mrs. Andrew Knowles were enjoying the first day of his week's leave; Mr. Knowles had come over from Ireland, where she is living at their home; she was asking about the "form," as she told me she had not been racing over here for more than a year, though she is one of the "regulars" racing in Ireland and was feeling a bit lost as far as the horses were concerned!

Others there were Lord Sefton, the Hon. Sheila Digby, Mr. James Rank, Major and Mrs. Carlos Clarke, Lord Manton and his brother, the Hon. Robert Watson, Captain and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Mrs. Jack Speed, Major "Cardie" Montague, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Harry Cottrill, Lord Portarlington, Miss Irene Mann-Thompson, Mrs. Heinemann, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, Mr. Van Cutsem



Celebrating a First Anniversary

The American and British Commonwealth Association held a reception to celebrate its first anniversary, at which the American Ambassador was present. Major S. F. Markham, M.P., Lady Sterling and Dame Irene Vanbrugh were three of the guests.



An Aid to China Party

Representatives of many Allied countries were present at a "Gay Party" organised for the Aid to China Fund, of which Lady Cripps is the president. Above are Miss E. MacDonald, Mrs. McIndoe and Mrs. E. Egerton, who is Sir Stafford Cripps's sister and chairman of the Ladies' Committee of the Fund.



Clapperton, Selkirk

Lord and Lady George Scott's Second Daughter is Christened

Charmian Rachel Scott, the baby daughter of Major Lord George Scott and Lady George Scott, was born in July and was christened recently at Holy Trinity, Melrose. The George Scotts have another daughter, Georgina, two years old. In the picture are the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch (grandmother), Lord and Lady George Scott and the baby, Nurse Collins and Georgina Scott, and Lady William Scott (godmother). Other godparents were the Duke of Buccleuch, Colonel C. B. Harvey, the Marchioness of Normanby and Mrs. C. Richmond-Brown.

Lady Viola Dundas, Mrs. Pat Smyly, Captain and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, the latter very smart in grey, Major and Mrs. Thomas Clyde, Miss Dorothy Paget, Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Viscountess Milton, Captain John Baillie, and Captain Malcolm McAlpine, who was talking to Mr. Vic Smyth in the paddock before the horses went to the post for the second race, which was won by his father, Sir Malcolm McAlpine, with his good horse Historic, which had won here the previous Saturday.

In error, describing events at one of the previous Windsor meetings, I credited Lord and Lady Manton with having taken their pony and cart to the meeting, and having given some friends a lift home. This originated from seeing Lord Manton harnessing up the pony for the homeward journey. Actually, the pony and cart belonged to Mrs. Norman Philips, who was giving the Mantons a lift home! Mrs. Philips, whose father is Chaplain to his Majesty at Windsor, had her brother, Captain Michael Barclay, who is home on leave from the East.

House-Warming in Mayfair

SOMETHING like two to three hundred people went to the house-warming party given by Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme at their new flat. The dining and drawing rooms had been thrown into one, which was easy, as there are folding doors between just for that very purpose. As usual at any of her parties, Lady Hamond-Graeme had a good mixing of generations, with plenty of young men and girls. The Hon. Enid Paget was there, of course, for she has been staying in the flat, and among others were Miss Penelope Maxwell-Woosnam, looking very nice in a white blouse of filmy chiffon, and a black skirt; tall Miss Vivien Mosley, with her aunt, Lady Ravensdale; Miss Susan Winn, in her V.A.D. uniform; red-haired Miss Constance Rooke; Miss Marie Millington-Drake, with her mother, Lady Effie Millington-Drake; and Miss Jacqueline Carlisle, wearing her M.T.C. uniform, with her mother too. Among the young-marrieds were Lady Smiley, in a gay yellow jacket over her black skirt; and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward, who came with her sister-in-law, the Hon. Helen Ward. Her husband, the B.B.C. commentator, was taken prisoner in Libya: it seems he is now writing revues with his fellow-prisoners in their camp.

More War-Workers

LADY POWELL, wife of Sir Richard Powell, Bt., who is now serving with the Welsh Guards, has been working hard for a long time as a V.A.D. in Gloucestershire. She has been living with Lady Nigel Norman, wife of Group Captain Sir Nigel Norman, and sharing her house. Lady Powell has a young son and a young daughter, and Lady Norman three young sons. Sir Nigel Norman took up flying after the last war, in which he served with the R.G.A. At the outbreak of this war he was in the Auxiliary Air Force Reserve. He is a great authority on aerodromes, having studied them both at home and abroad for some years. He was one of the founders of Heston Airport, and one will always remember the very well-run Guards Brigade Flying Club meeting he organised there once a year. Lady Norman runs a mobile canteen in Gloucestershire, with a neighbour, Mrs. Villars.

Another whole-time V.A.D. is pretty Ursula Wyndham-Quin, eldest daughter of Commander the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin, and a granddaughter of Lord Dunraven. She is now nursing at a hospital in the West Country, where she works very hard, and takes her job really seriously. I hear her uncle, Lord Adare,



Collier, Swindon

A Christening at Hungerford

Captain and Mrs. le Hunte Anderson have two daughters, Juliet and little Carola Jean, who was christened at Hungerford Church a short time ago. Captain Anderson rejoined the Royal Scots Greys at the outbreak of war. His wife was formerly Miss Gwendoline Swire.

has started running a horse-coach service for the public in Ireland, between Limerick and Ennis, owing to the necessity to save petrol. It is very successful, and well patronised. One of the calls is Foynes, thus passengers arriving on the Clipper are able to go on by road—rather a contrast in travel! Another pretty girl who is in uniform now is Mrs. Rivers Bulkeley, wife of Captain Rivers Bulkeley, Scots Guards, who is in the W.A.A.F.

(Concluded on page 184)



A Wedding at the Guards' Chapel

Mr. Hugh W. Peel, Welsh Guards, son of the late Captain Owen Peel, and Mrs. Drummond, of Megginch Castle, Perthshire, and Miss Leila Mary Cookson, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. J. W. Cookson, were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks.



A Reception by the South African Club
Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare, Bt., Under-Secretary for the Dominions, Sir Eric Machtig, Assistant Under-Secretary and Vice-Chairman of the Overseas Settlement Committee, and Lady Machtig were at the South African Club's reception for General Smuts in London recently.

Country Snapshots

In England and
Scotland

Below: This picture of Major A. Huskisson, M.C., and his wife was taken at their home, Car Colston Hall, Nottinghamshire. Major Huskisson is the organiser of Simpson's Services Club in Piccadilly, where so many Allied officers are entertained. Mrs. Huskisson was Miss Constance Houston before her marriage, and is a niece of the late Sir John Houston, of Park Hall, Nottingham. The Huskissons have two children, Raymond and Pamela



Richardson, Worcester

Lady Victoria Forester

Left: Lady Victoria Forester, W.V.S. organiser for Evesham, is seen here with a light trailer, presented to the local W.V.S. by Mrs. L. C. Fenno, of Ox Pasture Hill, Rowley, Massachusetts, whose daughter works at a London W.V.S. headquarters. Lady Victoria, who is the youngest daughter of the first Marquess of Lincolnshire, is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary

Below: Lady MacRobert, donator of the bomber "MacRobert's Reply," and of four fighter aircraft, in memory of her three sons killed flying with the R.A.F., lives alone at Douneside, her Aberdeenshire home. Lady MacRobert recently accepted an invitation from students of Aberdeen University to stand for the Rectorship of the University, the only other nominee at the time being Sir Stafford Cripps, the Lord Privy Seal



Major and Mrs. Huskisson at Home

J. Hollander



The Last of the "Fighting MacRoberts"



Bertram Park

Lady Bridget Parsons

Lady Bridget Parsons is the only daughter of the late Earl of Rosse and of Viscountess Vesci. Her father, who was a major in the Irish Guards, died of wounds received in action in 1918. Lady Bridget, who is working as a V.A.D., has one brother, the present Lord Rosse, who is serving in the Irish Guards. He married in 1935 Mrs. Anne Armstrong-Jones, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Leonard Messel and sister of Oliver Messel, the artist. The Rosses, whose place in Ireland is Birr Castle, have two sons

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"NOTHING in the house but six silver spoons—oh, my God! I must paint another Napoleon." Thus the one-time-celebrated painter Haydon, whose memoirs are more amusing than his pictures. Contemplating the latest Churchill portrait-study we felt Haydon had the luck, so far as the art world is concerned.

When Haydon's public became sick of Napoleon in 57 positions, Haydon gave them Wellington in 57 positions, which got him along comfortably for a few years more. Apart from Mr. Churchill's there is no master-pan at the moment for British artists to put across the public *en série* (though we bet they are keeping a hopeful eye cocked on the lean, smiling features of "Monty" of the Eighth Army, full of quiet menace). In World War I. they could exploit the wooden features of the great Kitchener, with that terrifying moustache, then Joffre, then Haig, then Foch. Not one of the leading captains of the Allied Nations in World War II. is a public figure as yet. As for the Cabinet, a row of duck-eggs would probably stir the Race to more emotion.

Racket

THE coming Montgomery cultus (as we hope) will give the souvenir racket a chance as well. An enterprising chap bought for 200 francs the elm-tree under which Wellington stood in the sunken road at Waterloo, sawed it up into snuffboxes, napkin-rings, and walking-sticks, and made a fortune. Dainty packets of the actual desert sand on which "Monty" stood to direct the Eighth Army to victory could be sold to the Race almost indefinitely. There's lots of sand, as the Walrus remarked amid his tears to the Carpenter.

Alibi

RACING men are so fascinating that we were surprised to find no sportsman recalling, apropos the recent passing of the last of the Tattersalls, the celebrated Mr. Crockford, of St. James's Street, most eminent of Early Victorian frequenters of "Tatts," and his interesting end.

On the morning of the Derby in which a horse called Running Rein had been backed for thousands to win by Mr. Crockford's little playmates, Mr. Crockford, who held the "book," died of a stroke, which normally cancelled all bets. Sweating with anguish, his fellow-sportsmen kept the secret till Running Rein had won (as arranged), then dressed the late Mr. Crockford in his usual clothes, popped his famous white topper on him, planked him in his usual chair at the open first-floor window of the gaming-rooms in St. James's Street, and got away with it. Unfortunately, the Jockey Club got wind of the Running Rein conspiracy later and disqualified the horse, and Mr. Crockford's chums lost all their well-earned dough.

But for that unforeseen stroke of bad luck, this would be a Success Story fit to be quoted in every one of those get-rich-quick manuals published to inspire ardent British youth to the Higher Life. And we're still incidentally waiting for one which explains in the preface why the author, who knows all the answers, has to earn a mere pittance by writing books about it.



"—If you do see a bit of fish, George, it saves me queueing up—"

Plotland

SOME time ago an authority remarked that Germans in Brazil had "the club spirit, which of course lends itself to conspiracy." This nasty, oblique crack at Pall Mall has been repeated again quite recently about the Argentina, we observe. Anyway it's an old accusation made by Swinburne during the South African War, as most poetry-lovers know:

In the twilit Athenæum
Every teatime you can see 'em,
At each aged ear a trumpet,
In each palsied hand a crumpet,
At their dirty work (the rotters)
Cheek by jowl you see those plotters:
Scientists with champing gums
Tap out ciphers on their tums,
Glancing round them nervously,
Bishops roar for toast and tea,
Leaning close and murmur'g "How
Is Z. 60 shaping now?"
Greeneyed blondes glide past and mutter
"Uncle wants old mice and butter"

At which message, with a groan,
Deans rush to the telephone,
Pale, distracted, bought and sold
For a tithe of foreign gold. . . .

Mother England, veil thy face!
Clubland is a damned disgrace.

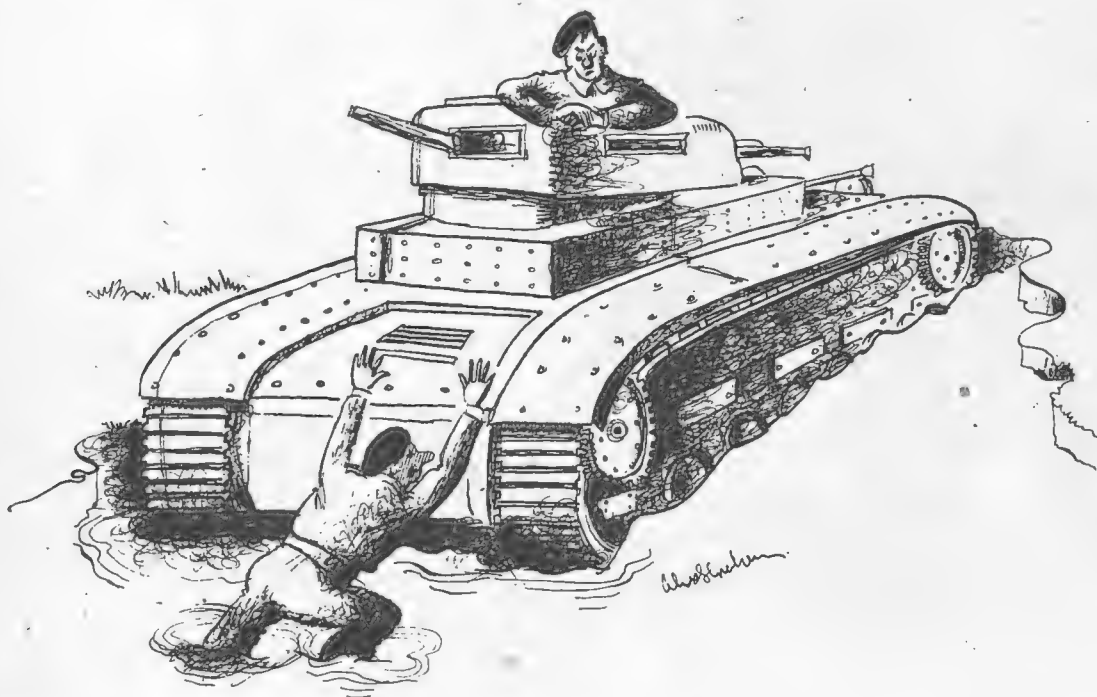
The scene in the Reform years before, when Browning took a violent tug at 'John Bright's luxuriant whiskers, crying "I denounce you, Sonia Rollova, for a Russian secret agent!" is famous. "Pipe down!" hissed the agonised secretary. "Pipe down, you lyrical old hophead!" Browning then piped down and the incident ended.

Chase

MOST armies, remarked a military authority recently, pointing out that perpetually to ridicule the Italian Army isn't helping to drive that desirable wedge between the Italian people, still our friends, and Mussolini, retreat at some time or other. The Italians ran at Caporetto, but stood admirably firm at the Piave.

We've just been looking up Mercer's account of Lord Uxbridge

(Concluded on page 174)



"Take a rest and I'll try the engine again . . ."



Shortly after her arrival in this country, Mrs. Roosevelt went to see "Flare Path," Terence Rattigan's play of the R.A.F., at the Apollo. She was loudly applauded by the audience when she entered her box, and during the interval received several members of the cast, including Miss Adrienne Allen, with whom she is seen above



Swarbe-

Captain Keith Helder, a forty-three-year-old officer invalided out of the Army, has written a play dealing with the activities of the Black Market. - It is called "All This, and To-morrow." Captain Helder himself plays the leading role, and the cast includes Margaret Halstan, Iris Baker and Eric Maturin, who are seen above with members of the company now touring the provinces



Johnson, Oxford

Mr. Leslie Banks, who is now appearing in "The Duke in Darkness," at St. James's, recently went down to Oxford to present service armlets to members of the W.L.A. Among the recipients was his daughter, Virginia, who has now completed two years' service

Theatre Personalities On and Off the Stage

A Medley of Theatre News from Town,
Country and Across the Atlantic



Miss Madeleine Carroll was chosen to represent the Lidice Lives Committee in receiving from Mr. Jo Davidson, the well-known sculptor, his statue representing the martyrdom of the Czech town of Lidice. The ceremony took place in the Associated American Artists Galleries in New York



One of Mr. Jacob Epstein's most recent works is a portrait bust of Miss Lalage Lewis, now playing Marina in "The House of Regrets," at the Arts Theatre. Miss Lewis, in addition to her theatre work, has been doing war work in a factory near London

Standing By ...

(Continued)

galloping like mad after his fleeing hussars at Quatre Bras just before Waterloo yelling "Faster, faster, for God's sake! They'll get you!" Mercer says it was just like a fox-hunt, and the French lancers were so close on the heels of Uxbridge's hussars that their laughter and insults could be heard by the fugitives above the storm and battle-noises. Why the Island Race at large should pretend such episodes don't happen we can't conceive. There's no military disgrace in hopping out of a bad patch quickly. Uxbridge's hussars came back at Waterloo and wiped out that score neatly. Sir John Moore was hard to catch in the scamper from Corunna, but Wellington stood at Torres Vedras and ultimately won the campaign.

The thing is to know you'll come back. De Colbert's lancers at Quatre Bras enjoyed the chase more because they were well aware it might be their turn to run before the day was over (it wasn't, as it happened). It's the non-military boys, journalists and poets and the like, who take these setbacks to heart. Their stinking little egocentric vanity—how it grieves us. Ring up Mumsie and say it's not the *stomach*, it's the *heart*.

Dome

A PROPOS the Duce, it's our theory that the bowler hat he wore in 1915, when they put him in the cooler for political activities—there's a photograph, recently republished—will prove his downfall.

That kind of hat, worn only by touts and stooges, is not an article of headgear but a state of mind. Compare the bowler continually worn by Holmes's Dr. Watson, even in the Alps. That bowler turned Watson into a spiritless wreck. One brisk shove would have sent his oppressor over the edge of the Reichenbach and Watson could then

have got drunk with Professor Moriarty and lived in peace; but like most bowler-addicts Watson had the kind of dumbo face which goes with, and attracts, this hat, its soul-mate. The Duce's attempts to twist his pan into Caesarian scowls and imperial grimaces mean not a thing. He's also a born bowler-wearer and that degraded hat will get him sooner or later.

The coming fall of the Third Republic was graphically foreshadowed to us some years ago, contemplating a flaming Turner-esque sunset on a glassy evening sea fringing one of those dear little *plages* in Normandy. Amid a solemn crystalline hush, against a sky flaming in apocalyptic rose-and-orange splendour, two stout French bourgeois in bowler hats and tucked-up trousers were paddling side by side, alone on that wide beach, insulting the majesty of Heaven and inviting retribution. The ignoble sight was pregnant with high doom. A month later *l'affaire Hanaud* broke out and the Republic began to totter.

Bollet

IT'S an unfortunate thing, but whenever some serious-minded citizen writes to the papers quoting some ringing piece of technicolored rhetoric by the great Pitt, we instinctively wonder whether Mr. Pitt was a bit shwipsy or not at the time. Because he often was.

The House of Commons of Pitt's time appears to us in our daydreams as swaying gently in unison, from Pitt down to the dumbest backbencher; a kind of three-bottle ballet, or bollet, so to speak. Not cockeyed, just gently sozzled after a good whack at Bellamy's port. They had no Lady A. to utter shrill protest then. If they had, we bet the country members would have chased her gaily round the Lobby, whooping "Gone away!" and "Loo in!" and "Tally-ho!" Quite a feature of the House the country members were in the 18th century, flushed, topbooted, spurred, blood-shot, arguing, joking, snoring, cracking nuts,



"Now don't start falling in love the first day we're here!"

sometimes telling the Speaker where he got off, like jolly Squire Fuller of Brightling, Sussex, who roared "Peace, you little man in the wig!" and stamped out snapping his fingers, never to return. To-day they're as tame as cats, and the shwipsy backbencher is unknown, except to the Whips.

So our point is that if, now and again, when Pitt is quoted, they stuck in a hypothetical (hic) or two, it would give a clearer picture of the circumstances. Not to speak of brightening the page.

Blush

OUR fiery old Celtic blood calls for three shamed toots on the Great Flannel Trumpet of Prince Seithenin the Drunk in reprobation of a Mr. Jones, organiser of the Welch Nationalist Party, who recently refused at Carnarvon to fight with "a foreign Government's armed forces" and was fined £5, with £15 costs.

Even though that boy is six centuries or so late in raising the standard of Cymric revolt against the Saxon overlord, we think he's just too awful, and the Welch, our kinsfolk, who have been as docile as lambs all this long time, making cheese and flannel, singing fifth-rate songs with first-rate voices, cornering London's milk and drapery, and giving the Saxon no trouble at all, are doubtless feeling terribly embarrassed. The Scots, who gave in centuries later, often feel secretly ashamed of holding out so long, they tell us; still more the Irish, who never gave in at all. The Archdruid will be shocked and shattered, we guess. The archer Druid of Churt will break into long-drawn musical *hwylys* of emotion. The other Druids will maybe gash themselves with their sacrificial knives and burst into a male-voice cantata by Rev. Grwchrgyfydd Jones, not very good.

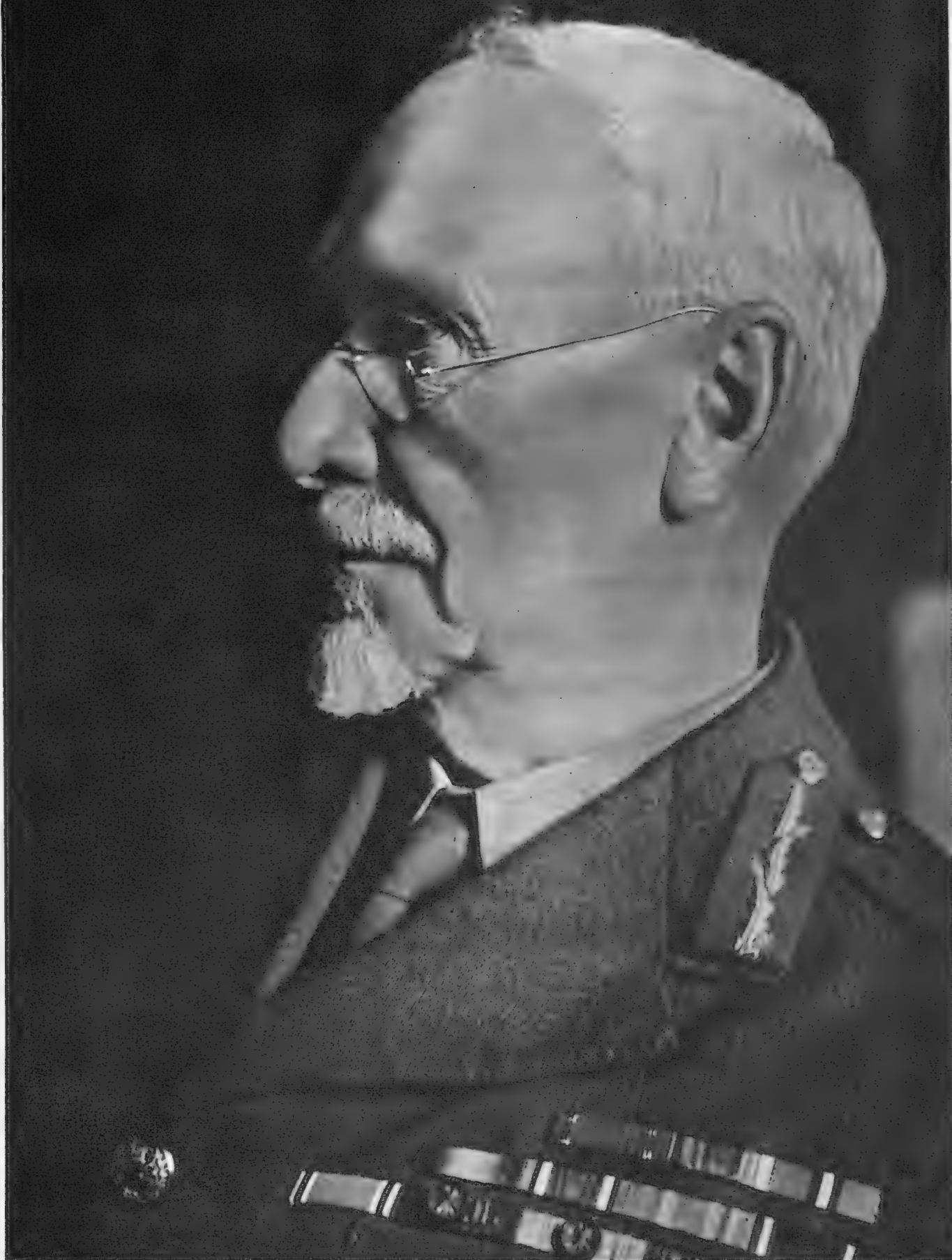
Footnote

THAT deep rumbling sound perturbing the natives of Glamorgan is not thunder or bombing, our spies report. It's just Arthur and his knights rousing in their cave and laughing like billy-ho before resuming their age-long slumbers.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I suppose that by making your coffee with tepid water you save quite a lot of fuel"



Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Great Soldier and Great Statesman: General Smuts

No visitor to England at the present time could be more welcome than General Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa. For very many years a staunch friend and supporter of this country, his devotion to the common cause and confidence in the final victory in the present war have been, in Mr. Churchill's words, an inspiration and a comfort. General Smuts was appointed a Field-Marshal by the King on his seventy-first birthday, but still prefers to be known as General, and as General Officer Commanding the Defence Forces of South Africa he has frequently visited his troops in the Middle East, where they have made, and are making, a brilliant contribution to the Libyan campaign. His recent inspiring address to members of both Houses of Parliament has been hailed throughout the Allied countries as one of the best commentaries yet made on the present struggle. General Smuts came to England to represent the Union at the Imperial Conference of 1917, and stayed in London as a member of the War Cabinet until after the Armistice. Now, as then, his judgment and experience will be a very real source of strength to the Cabinet.

"Murder from Memory" on Christmas Eve

Twenty-year-old Crime is Re-enacted in
Order to Bring Current Murders to Light



The passengers of a northward-bound train are snowbound on Christmas Eve. Cold and hunger drive them to seek other shelter. Together they cross the fields and find a mansion, well lit, with welcoming fires and plenty of food—but empty. They decide to take advantage of their good fortune and settle in comfortably. (Williams Lloyd, Ernest Milton, Roy Emerton, Edna Wood, Sophie Stewart and David Emery)



Brown, proves anything but a welcome guest. Among the others from the first with the gravest suspicion, he has lost £200, stolen by him with violence from his in his true colours (Roy Emerton, Edna Wood)

Murder from Memory is the new thriller at the Ambassadors. The greater part of it while he was at sea serving with excitement, even for the most insatiable of thriller fans, starts the ball rolling, and from then on a succession of murder and rumour of murder. Mr. Ernest Milton, who and, as Kynaston Carver, gives a convincing portrait of forces the disclosure of a twenty-year-old murder. Sally, whose common sense never fails, brings us surely back to a pitch, and comic relief is ably provided by Claude Rains.

Photographs by Swarthmore



One of the passengers is Mr. Kynaston Carver, of the Royal Psychological Society. He is aware of strange emotions in the house which he cannot explain. He finds that Sally Scott is also psychic, and with her help he hopes to discover the tragic history which he feels sure is attached to the house in which they all shelter (Ernest Milton, Edna Wood)



Frank Mailland is the owner of the house. He arrives unexpectedly with his only daughter Carol. His father's portrait reminds him of his last visit, twenty years earlier to the hour, when his father died very suddenly (Harcourt Williams, Isolde Denham)

Rackham, from the past tragedy forces Rackham to both past

Ronald Squire and Isobel Jeans Return to London in Maugham Comedy

"Home and Beauty" is to be Revived, with Ronald Squire and Isobel Jeans in Parts Created by Charles Hawtrey and Gladys Cooper



uncouth man, he is eyed by not, however, until he learns traveller, that he is revealed Williams, Ernest Milton)

It was written by Ronald Millar, Royal Navy. There is plenty of murder in the first scene of Act I. Serious incidents follow rapidly on welcome return to the London stage whose belief in emotional reaction part, as Lesley Sheringham, a girl when excitement reaches too high the hearty, loquacious Mr. Higgins



turns up after an inexplicable absence ever has by this time very definite ideas on have taken place, and by astute reasoning disclose the grim secrets he hides of murders sent (Ernest Milton, Wilfrid Caithness)



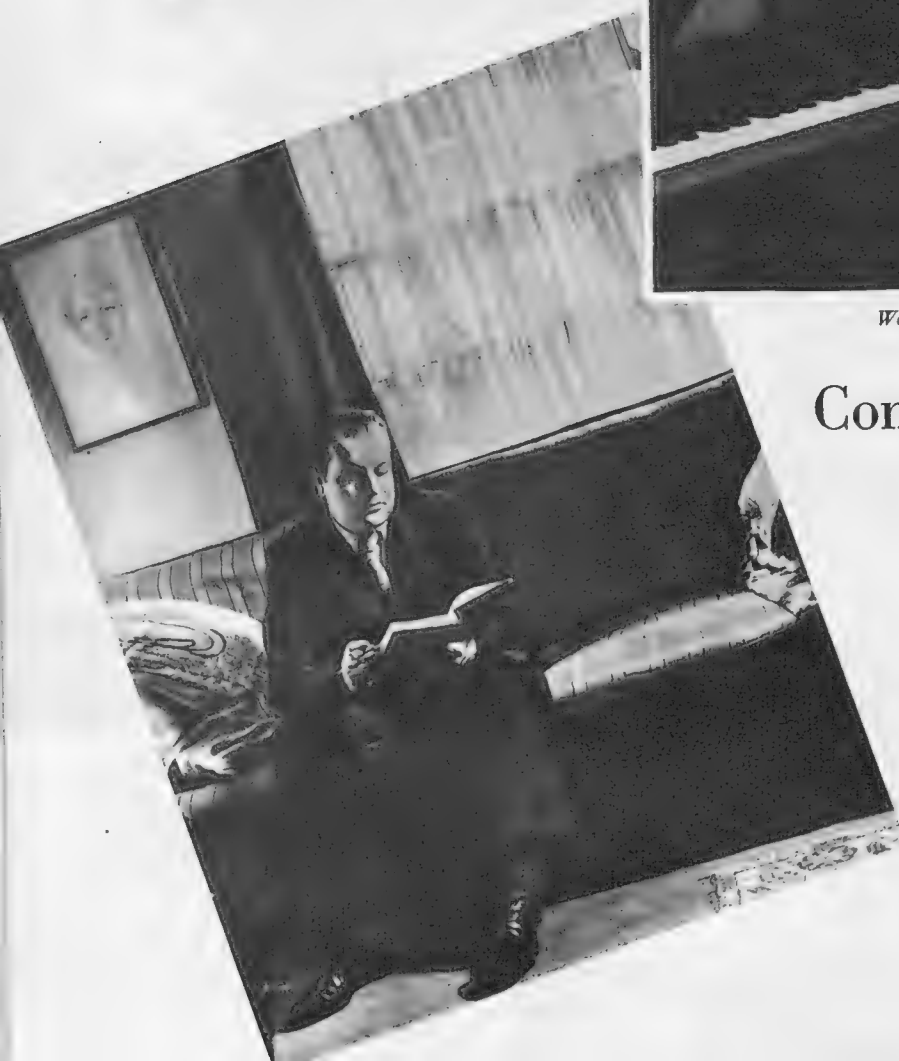
Victoria Welcomes Her Long-Lost Husband, William (Ronald Squire and Isobel Jeans)

London will welcome the revival of one of Somerset Maugham's wittiest plays, *Home and Beauty*, which is due to open at the Playhouse to-morrow, November 12th. Twenty-three years ago, London audiences were crowding this same theatre to see Gladys Cooper, Charles Hawtrey and Malcolm Cherry in the first presentation of this audacious comedy, which was described in *The Tatler* of October 1st, 1919, as "screamingly funny." In this present production, which is the joint effort of Messrs. Lee Ephraim, B. A. Meyer, and Tom Arnold, Isobel Jeans is to play Victoria, the self-centred wife who suddenly discovers that she has two husbands—her first, William, whom she had presumed to be dead, turning up after three years' absence, due to loss of memory. Ronald Squire, perhaps the most perfect exponent of Somerset Maugham's caustic wit, is to take Charles Hawtrey's old part as William, and Barry Jones the part in which Malcolm Cherry had such a great personal success—that of Frederick, the much-embarrassed husband No. 2. The play is produced by Val Gielgud, with scenery by Clifford Pember



Constant Lambert at the door of his house. The cat lives in the shop opposite

Constant Lambert sits under a portrait of his brother, by his father, the late G. W. Lambert, A.R.A.



Working on a piece written for Dr. Vaughan Williams' seventieth birthday

Composer, Conductor and Critic

Constant Lambert, Musical Director
of the Sadler's Wells Ballet

Constant Lambert is the brilliant and versatile musical director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, being responsible for the musical standard besides conducting their performances. At twenty-one he was commissioned by Diaghileff to write a ballet, *Romeo and Juliet*, for the Russian Ballet, produced at Monte Carlo, and a later ballet, *Pomona*, was produced in Buenos Aires. *Horoscope*, produced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet in 1938, and his earlier *Rio Grande* are probably his two best-known works. On December 6th, Constant Lambert is to conduct one of the London Philharmonic orchestras at the Orpheum, Golders Green, and his Piano Sonata is being played on November 28th at Wigmore Hall. Besides his talents as a composer, Constant Lambert is the author of some witty and amusing books, notably of *Music Ho!*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Is My Journey Necessary?

WITH a laudable desire to aid those hard-working persons who are engaged upon a campaign to induce John Citizen to be as light as he can on our over-loaded railways, I make the suggestion that a little book with the above slogan as its title should be concocted and profusely illustrated by some artist of the Arthur Rackham class—that is, someone with a delicate imagination, who is at the same time a supreme master of line and colour. A few chapter headings which suggest themselves to me as likely to hit the public eye are: (1) A Flustered Gentleman on a flaming red chestnut horse, so lathered as to be almost white, trying to hold him in a snaffle-bridle, the reins of which are as slippery as eels; in the middle distance a flight of very high new ash-rails; (2) Pithekanthropos being taken for a walk by a sabre-toothed tiger; (3) Joshua crossing the Jordan; (4) Claude Du Vall en route to Marble Arch (Tyburn); (5) Gentleman with swollen face being taken by his fashionable doctor to an even more fashionable dentist; (6) Ulysses on last lap of his safari, gazing at recent "still" of Penelope; (7) Sir Galahad, with prickly heat between the shoulder blades, being sent off by King Arthur to kill a dragon who is trying to bite a lovely lady; (8) A Black Maria exceeding the speed limit; (9) Leander on a nasty frosty morning on the wrong side of the Hellespont; (10) Æneas trying to get out by the back door of Dido's shooting-box without waking her up; (11) Belisarius setting out with his broad-sword to find the swab who had called him "Pot"; (12) Shade of Socrates with some hemlock looking for Dr. Joad. Many more pictures may suggest themselves to a nimble-minded artist, but these are just a few to be going on with.

A Little Wisdom

IT always has been far more dangerous than a little widow! Touching and concerning some recent very ill-informed criticism of a thing called the British Empire, everyone seems to have missed the essential point about an article in an American paper. We may be certain that the concocter of it is not a typical

American, because Americans are honest, upright people with ideals. The article was a very bitter and barbaric slander on the men of the Indian Army. Very few people know that this Army is recruited almost entirely from the Punjab and from districts and states immediately contiguous to it, such as Kohat, Peshawar, Poonch, Garhwal, Jodhpur and Bikanir, and from people who are quite different in both heredity and tradition from the great mass of the Indian nations. The exception to this statement is, of course, the independent kingdom of Nepal. Now, our traducer, in common with most of his class, is certain to be ignorant of the historical fact that the Punjab, Rajputana and Nepal are not in any way conquered countries. It is true that there were two Sikh wars, but in these the great majority of all classes of the Punjab, all the Moslems, all the Rajputs and half of the Sikhs themselves, were on our side; our opponents were merely a gathering of Sikh barons with some French officer adventurers in rebellion against their own king. It is true that in the First Sikh War their small, but well-disciplined and resolute regular army opposed our troops with no small success, but in 1849 even these had joined us. They now constitute, in the shape of the five regiments of Punjab cavalry, five batteries and a frontier brigade of artillery and nearly a dozen regiments of infantry, the very flower of the Punjab and the Indian Army. In 1846 the Sikhs were the first enemy we met in Asia who did not slaughter the wounded. Finally, in 1849, the Punjab voluntarily joined the British Empire by asking to be annexed to Queen Victoria's Crown. To-day the very great Army, of which the Sikh regiments were the nucleus, has grown to be the cornerstone of the British Empire's war, not only in Asia, but in much of Africa, not only in this war, but in the Great War of 1914, and in the critical and desperate war of 1857. It will, no doubt, astonish the American litterateur, if he can understand it, to hear that the six raw battalions who backed the Dorsets and the "Dubs" at Plassey in 1757 where Punjabis and Pathans. Possibly he might be still more astonished to learn that our Sepoys had crossed



Victor Hey

S/Ldr. P. J. B. Reynolds, O.B.E.

Squadron Leader Reynolds received the O.B.E. for distinguished services in the Combined Operations raid on Dieppe. The son of Sir Percival and Lady Reynolds of Digsuill, and a barrister by profession, he joined the R.A.F. in 1938.

bayonets with the enemies on American soil before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Free Fighters

NEVER has there been conscription in the Punjab. Every man for whom there was a musket or a rifle has enlisted voluntarily until there were not enough left to plough the land. In every war for two centuries the Punjab soldier has stood by us to a man, and never has he been a "draftee." In the Great War the Punjab, a single province enlisting from a six-million population, lost more men killed in action than the whole of the United States Forces. No Punjabi ever joined a Labour Corps even at twice the rates of pay he

(Concluded on page 180)



A Cup for the Oxford Home Guard

The Oxford City Home Guard Battalion received this cup from an anonymous donor, for inter-company competition. Inspecting it are Major G. V. J. Cumberland, the Commanding Officer, Mr. R. Coles, Captain B. Boulcott, C.S.M. Alwood, and Captain G. C. Chapple



Johnson, Oxford

Captain and Secretary of the O.U.R.F.C.

D. A. B. Garton-Sprenger is the captain of the Oxford University Rugby Football Club this season. With him, pipe in hand, is A. E. Murray, who is the secretary of the club. The O.U.R.F.C. has two matches already arranged with Cambridge

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

(Continued from page 179)

received as a combatant. In all that war never did a Punjab regiment lose a position, or fail to make good an attack, even in the murderous fighting of Ypres, Neuve Chapelle and Festubert. It may be said that no Punjab officer has ever had to use sword or pistol in his own defence when there was a Punjabi soldier alive within reach. Here, then, we have a group of nations, clans, tribes and states impelled by a tradition, a heredity and a sense of honour all clearly far beyond the comprehension of the American journalist. These are the people, their wives, their children, their lands, and their chiefs whom he asks us to hand over to the enemy of alien race. Heaven send that there are no more in America who think as he does. It has been necessary in the foregoing to descend to the elementary, because, obviously, the ignorance of the critic in question is as abysmal as usually is that of the person who, because he has seen The Taj at Agra, is quite convinced that no one has anything more to tell him about a great sub-continent which contains more races and religions than are comprised in Europe and America put together.

"Buck"

WHENEVER, wherever, and I suppose one ought to add if ever, the fastest ball game in the world is talked of again, Walter Buckmaster's name will be remembered. At the peak of his polo career he stood for all that was, or ever had been, best in that ancient



P. Goodchild

Some Officers of a Battalion of The Loyal Regiment

(Sitting) Major H. J. Ocle; Lieut.-Col. J. W. E. R. Gainher; Lieut.-Col. G. W. Gibson; Brigadier J. C. Sandie, D.S.O., M.C.; Captain T. J. M. Wells (Adjutant); Majors T. Fulbrook, G. Bouch. (Standing) Lieut. R. Pennington (Q.M.); 2nd Lieut. D. W. Povey; Lieut. A. Knowles, Captain J. A. Hamilton; 2nd Lieut. H. K. Clopperton; Lieuts. E. R. Fairweather, J. D. Dow, R.A.M.G., B. H. Cumberland

and martial game. He was not only a high-class performer, but the best of preceptors. He taught his pupils that polo tactics were on all fours (in more ways than one) with Soccer tactics, and that those who thought of polo as croquet on horseback had got hold of the wrong end of the rope. Some people, as we know, have tried to play polo like croquet,

and have quite forgotten that there are only two hoops, one at each end. I have always believed that this Buckmaster theory was the secret of the great successes of certainly the Old Cantabs, of which he was the foundation-stone, and certainly whilst he was in that Freebooters' team his ideas had a great influence. He first played in a winning (Championship) Freebooter team in 1896; and the side was Gerald Hardy (a former famous Meynell Master), Lord Southampton (another famous M.F.H. and probably the best man to hounds of all time), A. Rawlinson and "Buck." He was twice in winning International teams, 1900 and 1902, and in the latter team with him were C. P. and P. W. Nickalls and C. D. Miller, and in the second match F. M. Freake (2) and G. A. Miller (3), and in the third match G. A. Miller (2) vice Freake. In the winter "Buck" filled in his time hunting, and he was Master of the Warwickshire with the late Lord Portman, 1924-26. There was always an erroneous impression that when that partnership dissolved the Masters had had a row; this was not so, as I can personally testify. All that happened was that the then Eddie Portman wanted to hunt the Warwickshire Hounds two days a week, and that the committee were not having any, because they never have liked an amateur in Warwickshire. I don't know whether "Trojan" Corbett would have been banned, but quite possibly. What a fine horseman "Buck" was! Elastic at the two spots necessary—the wrists and the waist. The condolences of an old friend to Mrs. Buckmaster and his family.

But for . . .

CERTAIN acts, matters and things, this . . . might have been happening in once Merrie England: "Barging! blasting! 'Line, 'line, you blighter!' What a cracker they are going! Not hurt, I hope? Too fast to stop; besides he's up, but his horse isn't! Crash, bang through the tops of 'em! 'Steady, you rowdy brute!' Nearly down at that bit of paling in the gap; but what's the odds; we're both still right side up, and galloping on, and he's dropped on to his bit at last, and is flying them with feet to spare! Bless him for the smashing champion that he is! Worth every bob that I gave for him, and, my hat! how he can get down to it! Quite fast enough to win a National! It is all terribly electric, and not a little breathless at first. It's only the brave that deserve such fare. It is a moment for quick thinking and quick action if you want to see the show from some nearer spot than the back row of the pit. Sit still as a statue, lean over his withers to help him all you can over the soggy fallow, give him an easy as you top the slight rise; then let him sail: he'll jump 'em in his stride; you can give him a blank cheque. Where can the equal be of these champagne moments?"

Extract from a book, *The Member for Midshire*, by "Dis Nigger," which "but for" would have been published in November 1939



More Scalps from Headquarters: By "The Tout"

The feat of training and owning a Derby winner in the intervals of a very busy stage career belongs to Tom Walls, who, it is hard to realise, led in his beloved April the Fifth at Epsom as long ago as ten years last summer. Tom is seen above in company with Jack Olding, of tractor fame, and a first-class sportsman to boot. R. J. Colling is one of the most successful of Newmarket's younger school of trainers. Sir William Bass, a Steward of the Jockey Club, once owned the famous race-mare Sceptre, and Martin Benson owns the season's best two-year-old filly, Lady Sybil. Ernest Bellaney, as co-director of the National Stud in Ireland, should be proud of the achievements of Big Game and Sun Chariot, both bred there before his Majesty leased them, and Fred Darling turned them both into such a smashing pair



“The Exercise Was Not a Success”

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

Inspired by a recent account in “The Illustrated London News” of dogs being recruited for guarding R.A.F. aerodromes and so relieving men for other duties, Group Captain Blank mustered all the station canine pets with a view to training them to guard the aerodrome. The Exercise was not a success

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

War Correspondent

"WAR IN THE SUN," by J. L. Hodson (Gollancz; 11s. 6d.)—"being some account of a War Correspondent's journeys, meetings and what was said to him in the Middle East, India, Burma and West Africa during '1941-2'"—is a book of some 200,000 words in length. Given its content, can one wonder? And, given its quality, there is not a word too many. Mr. Hodson's name, in itself, is a guarantee: one would embark on a book of his were it three times this size. For most readers, his *Through the Dark Night* must still be fresh in the memory—Mr. Hodson's writing about the war has not the ephemeral nature of journalism. Those who have already begun to add to their library war books likely to keep their value in better days will buy up—and guard from the careless borrower—Mr. Hodson's works.

War in the Sun does not fall below expectation, to say the least. We find again, in these pages, descriptive power controlled by a steady judgment. The familiar balance is kept between accuracy—as to the thing seen—and imagination—in the understanding of it. To interpret, to make comprehensible to the reader at home the experiences of a far-flung war—this cannot be easy. One can only conceive of a thing in one's own terms. Knowing this, Mr. Hodson makes frequent, effective use of the homely image, comparison, metaphor—as you may see in a passage I hope to quote. I do not know how much that he says in this book may be found controversial—for *War in the Sun* is a critique, as well as an account, of war. I imagine, however, that everyone must salute his fairness. For a man of such resolute point of view, such an uncompromising sense of the right and wrong, his open approach to all comers is remarkable.

I may add that, as an observer of this war, Mr. Hodson, from the evidence of his diary—for *War in the Sun* is in diary form—must have taxed his endurance, adaptability, energy and sheer physical courage little less than he did as a combatant in the last.

The opening entries in the diary are, for "various reasons," undated, so one can only guess at the time of year (1941) in which this war correspondent set off, by sea, for South Africa, on his way to join our armies in the Middle East. Jottings of conversations, characters, interludes, build up a picture of life on the troopship—in which unexpected comfort, surviving from the luxury-liner days, combines oddly with the hourly danger—the one subject of which nobody seems to speak. Upon debarkation follow Mr. Hodson's impressions of the South African social war-time scene. He travelled from city to city, reading the differing atmospheres from small signs. In this part of the book we get what are (until Anglo-India) *War in the Sun's* only feminine portraits—the lady taxi-driver, for

instance, with the make-up, wrist-watch and black kid gloves, and the Jo'burg hostess who, also armed with a novel, sits reluctantly waiting to spear the moles on her lawn.

Into Battle

FROM South Africa, forward by air to Cairo. As to some aspects of Cairo, Mr. Hodson has comments that are no less devastating for being dry. Nonchalance may, in his view, be carried too far, and good timing (for those who have not only not seen battle but seem unlikely to do so) is not among the more justified of the fine arts. He also shows, by a series of anecdotes—and he is, throughout, generous as to anecdote—how the "poor" Egyptian is cashing in. He describes flights down the desert, and a visit to Suez.

After Cairo there is—immense contrast—a week spent in Tobruk. Then, Palestine—all this is excellent visual writing: unknown scenes jump vividly to one's mind's eye. In the Holy Land, the exploitation of sacred places—into either the tawdry-messy or the gloomily neat—struck Mr. Hodson as unholy, or at least regrettable.

It is, however, with the correspondent's joining of our Eighth Army in the Western Desert that the big, epic passages of the book begin. *War in the Sun* now deals with war in the sun—tank warfare, and the men, of all ranks, who fight. Mr. Hodson does us a great service in giving an analysis of this warfare, in picturing



The Two Editors of "Ten Fighter Boys"

Wing Commander Athol Forbes, D.F.C., and Squadron Leader Hubert Allen, D.F.C., are the joint-editors of "Ten Fighter Boys," recently published by Collins. The book is a chronicle of the experiences of ten Spitfire pilots during the Battle of Britain, and contains a brief description of each pilot, very candid and amusing, though not always complimentary. W/Cdr. Athol Forbes's portrait, on the left, is by Eric Kennington.

it, in finding a thousand details that home-bound imagination cannot supply. His accounts have an importance one cannot overrate: they should give the communiqués coming from day to day, now, that background they might otherwise lack. Also, they explain much, retrospectively: this correspondent was with the Eighth Army throughout the offensive of last autumn and winter.

Here—part of the entry for December 1st, '41—our tanks going into battle:

The battle plan has been changed overnight—our tanks are off to Sidi Resegh to help the New Zealanders, or, rather, to tackle any German armoured forces that are taking part in the struggle for the [aerodrome]. Instructions came at 4 a.m. to-day.

It was a fine sight—that of our tanks moving off like grey ironclads towards a purple horizon—two regiments, one on the right, one on the left, with our motorised artillery following behind. A lonely star hung in the west. The sun came up on a desert littered with debris, and glinted on petrol tins left lying about; there was a touch of Hampstead Heath in it, the morning after a Bank Holiday. I found a broken shovel with blade intact—may be useful if we have to dig. At 7.10 we heard the first thuds, and at 8.50 the battle appeared to be joined, judging by the cannonading. We drove back towards Battle H.Q. to send off our despatches, and at about 12.20 p.m. about twenty-five dive-bombers arrived half a mile away and began their playful devilry. I saw no Ack-Ack opposition. This warfare is akin to naval, not only in its manoeuvres, but in the need for scattered detachments having their own protection, as a ship has its guns. Every cluster of transport needs its guns, every convoy needs its guns. They do not always possess them—maybe they cannot possess them, short as we are.

How far is the war correspondent entitled to be a war critic—or rather, since his position and his intelligence cannot fail, from time to time, to make him a critic—how far should he tell the public what he

(Concluded on page 184)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

HOW humiliating it is, after you have seized what you imagined to be a torch, to discover that it has turned into a thistle. Half the mistakes we made looked like torches in the beginning, though everybody told us they would hurt our hands in the long run. We didn't believe them, of course. We never do! Indeed, we shan't believe them again when once more we are ready for that leap towards glory which so often lands us in mud. With the pleasant mirage in front of you which a leap invariably assumes, you are eager to take almost any risk. So you leap, and then add yet another to those regrets which are tormented by the inability to leap back again. A thousand pities it is that you cannot jump an experience; learn what it has to teach you, and no consequences, beyond knowledge, attached to it. Life could be very calm and beautiful lived like that.

Alas, life doesn't like to be very calm and beautiful; it infinitely prefers a rumpus. It is always egging us on to do it, and henceforward demands to be placated for what we have done! By the time we are wise to her, it doesn't much matter what we know, since it is too late to profit by it. So we try to pass on our wisdom to others—who, of course, don't believe us for a moment! They imagine they are the exception. Like us, they will be exasperated by the conviction, forced upon them later by results, that they were merely the rule. And that is maddening, isn't it? Other people seem able to attack disillusionment in the flank, so to speak: ourselves—

never. We just have to meet a frontal attack and play the best way we can

for a stalemate. Dreams always appear like realities; until they are no longer dreams. Continual readjustment is the leit-motif of existence and, as a rule, it isn't at all melodious.

How wise, therefore, most of us should be in the After Life? Wise—and perhaps a wee bit dull! For there is wisdom to be found in the tears which no one suspects; while the kick one gives oneself is the most beneficial kick of all. That, alas, is the supreme education of life and, somehow or other, one never quite passes out. Even the octogenarians are learning all the time; unless, peradventure, they were among the human "turnips" from birth.

For the rest of us, Life is full of meaning without explanation. We are always building without being sure that there are any foundations. Thus we die convinced of so many things and yet bewildered by the sum total. It is a mysterious business, though Mankind has discovered a hundred answers to the riddle and is ready to die to defend each one of them. Only such a few things stand out immutable—kindness, cheerfulness, courage and love. These are the perennials we can all sow; though often they seed themselves in the most unexpected places and may often be accounted failures where we have tended them most lovingly. Nevertheless, they are indestructible, and nearly always are the fruit of our own bitter experience and unsuspected tears—especially cheerfulness and courage.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Briant — Rawle

Capt. Bernard Christian Briant, Intelligence Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Briant, of Laleham, Kingswood, Surrey, married Peggy Emslie Rawle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Rawle, of The Hermitage, Walton Heath, Surrey, at St. Peter's, Walton-on-the-Hill



F. B. Barker

Clare — Morgan

Lieut. William Dennis Anthony Clare, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, son of Captain and Mrs. W. G. F. Clare, of 73, Lee Road, Blackheath, married Helen Gwynne Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Neville Morgan, of Overbury, Hereford, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



James — Tory

Major Humphrie Frederick James, The Dorsetshire Regiment, son of the late F. C. James and Mrs. James, of Iwerne, Dorset, married Diana Newton Tory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Tory, of Blandford and Bournemouth, at St. Peter's, Bournemouth



Binney — Blair Imrie

Admiral Sir Hugh Binney, elder son of Mr. T. G. Binney, late of Guisnes Court, Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex, married Elizabeth Bride Blair Imrie, elder daughter of the late Colonel Blair Imrie, and Mrs. Blair Imrie, of Lunan House, Arbroath, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Boase — Smales

Captain Richard Bernard Orlebar Boase, R.E., elder son of Colonel and Mrs. G. O. Boase, of Curles, Little Common, Bexhill, married Ruby Margaret Smales, daughter of the late C. B. Smales, and Mrs. Smales, of Bexhill, at St. Aldate's, Oxford



Templeton, Hanley

Kent — Wildblood

George Denys Westley Kent, son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. J. Kent, of Hough Hall, Crewe, and Dorothea Mary Rhead Wildblood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Wildblood, of The Grove, Aston, were married at St. Saviour's, Aston



Kennedy — Fordham

Major-General J. N. Kennedy, Director of Military Operations and Plans, War Office, and Catherine Fordham, daughter of the late John Gurney Fordham and Mrs. Fordham, were married at the Chapel Royal, "St. James's Palace



Lafayette

Williams — Roche

Lieut. Dermot Williams, son of the late Daniel Williams and Mrs. Williams, of Tullagh House, Tullamore, and Joan Roche, only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Roche, of Bennekerry House, Co. Carlow, were married at Bennekerry Church



Lamb, Carlisle

Jones-Stamp — Monro

Captain Douglas Jones-Stamp, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, only son of the late Charles Douglas Jones, married Marion Monro, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alastair Monro, of Craigeluch, Langholm, Dumfriesshire, at All Saints', Langholme

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 169)

Populated Plain

PEOPLE cluster on the edges of Salisbury Plain, where the Army trains. Occasionally those near enough to walk or bicycle to a local town hall or hotel ballroom indulge in an evening's dancing like a faint, nostalgic echo of a peacetime hunt ball. At such a week-end gathering, Lady Weymouth, in black and white, danced with the Duke of Rutland; Lady Stavordale, tall and slender, wore peacock blue; and Mrs. John Stancombe, who is looking after her little sons while her husband is away, looked charming in a velvet dress, with intricately threaded seed pearls round her neck. Others there included Captain and Mrs. Vicary Gibbs; Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Zena Dare's attractive daughter; Lady Tryon, formerly Miss Dreda Burrell; Mrs. Guy Taylor, gay and attractive in red; Mr. and Mrs. John Baddeley and Mrs. Freddie Hennessy. A tall couple dancing were Major Robin Wilson and fair, dignified Mrs. Archer Clive, in flowered lamé; Lady Gloria Fisher looked pretty, petite and dark; Mr. Brian Johnstone sang a jolly chorus; Major Sir Hugh Cholmeley was there; Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy played the piano some of the time; Captain Timothy Tufnell was in his usual high spirits; Mr. Vernon Hope-Johnstone was being amusing; Mr. Tony Garton came with Miss Hilary Napier; Lord and Lady Erleigh were together—she was Miss Margot Duke, and looked piquant with an Alice-in-Wonderland band round her hair.

New Chairman for Aid to China Fund

As the Bishop of Hong Kong has now returned to China, the Rev. Stanley Dixon, who has spent fifteen years in China and was largely responsible for starting the British Relief Fund in China in 1937, has been appointed Chairman of the Fund. One of the last official functions attended by the Bishop of Hong Kong in this country was the opening of the Chinese Exhibition, and unfortunately, in describing this, and the distinguished people who attended the opening, we referred to Mr. Hume as Chinese Minister of Information. Mr. Peter Hume is, of course, the editor of *China Newsweek*, which is issued weekly by the London office of the Chinese Ministry of Information. We apologise for this mistake and for any confusion it may have caused.

"History in Lace"

LADY LATTA is lending her apartment at the Dorchester for the committee meetings organising one of the most interesting Christmas sales of the year. This is the exhibition and sale called "History in Lace" which is to take place at the Dorchester on Thursday and Friday, November 19 and 20, in aid of the Clothing Branch of the Officers' Families Fund.

There is lace that belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette, some that Queen Victoria wore, lace made in 1660—lace the like of which will never be seen again. Lace already bought by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family will be shown, but as well there will be bundles of exquisite lace at 5s. and 10s. Because the value of this lace is almost beyond price, it is to be sold at the most modest sums because of the Fund's urgent need for money.



Greville, Watford

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Attlee at Watford

The Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., and Mrs. Attlee recently paid an informal visit to the Watford and District Peace Memorial Hospital. They are seen with (l. to r.) Mr. W. H. Price, Mayor of Watford; Sir John Caulcutt, Chairman of the Hospital; Miss L. A. Brooks, Matron, and Mr. Frank Pratt, Treasurer. Standing behind are Dr. D. C. Osborne, Hon. Physician, and Mr. H. M. Maskell, Administrator

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)



A Recent Engagement

Miss Virginia Hocking Robinson, a godchild of Dame Sybil Thorndike, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Roger Moreton Frewen, a cousin and godson of the Prime Minister, who is now Assistant Press Attaché at H.M. Legation in Berne

the Burma Road in an old Dodge car. Then, the India passages are masterpieces of word-photography, of information and of implicit comment. In the six weeks between leaving Rangoon and the return to England (last April), Mr. Hodson flew 17,000 miles. The Belgian Congo, Lagos, Lisbon—variously protracted halts in his journey—have been touched in for us by his tireless pen.

The Spell

"EVENFIELD," by Rachel Ferguson (Cape; 8s.), is a novel about the spell cast by childish memory over grown-up life, and its, at one time, almost fatal effects. The subject seems to me a good deal more sinister than the publisher's remarks on the wrapper hint. I was led—they led me—to this as a cosy book, for which I felt very much in the mood. "Children's parties, Edwardian actresses, dancing classes and the scent of lilac over sun-warmed fences"—these were set out as the bill of fare. And the setting promised to be—and was—pleasing, if prosaic, Thames-side village-suburbia. These things, this scene, combined to make Barbara Morant's childhood pleasant. But they also combined, later, to make her a bit of "a case."

Miss Ferguson is a mistress of atmosphere: the Morants' house (called Evenfield) and the Addison social atmosphere could not be better done. Here, and in this, the three Morant children were happy; their mother—an incurable Londoner, who wanted a larger world, higher standards—not. Mr. Morant, making the daily journey to London and in his spare time writing romantic history, was neutral—but agreed to remove to London. In Kensington the Morants lived the fuller life, with Addison, apparently, left behind. Only Barbara, the youngest, was of the temperament that allows increasing foothold for nostalgias. London good times, interests, proposals of marriage continued to run off her like water off a duck's back, and the principal pleasure she took in her big success as a song-writer was that it made it possible (after her parents' deaths) for her to re-acquire Evenfield, and take up residence there. She proposed, in fact, to make a reality of what had become her ideal fantasy life.

Every one of the rooms that had obsessed her memory—the drawing-room, her mother's bedroom, the nursery—she now refurbished, to be as it had been. She sought out the former Addison friends. But "the old times" do not make an everlasting bond—and Addisonians were, on the whole, suspicious of the returned Londoner. What was Barbara Morant playing at? They might well wonder. So might the reader—except that Miss Ferguson's writing has a rather creepy convincingness. I consider it a victory for Miss Ferguson that one does not dismiss her Barbara as plain silly. Even so, I do not think she accounts quite fully enough for the girl's behaviour. Few people—I should say—act queerly unless they have been queered. What had turned her backward, in this way? What gave such unusual power to the fixation?

Barbara's story is told in the first person: one may be meant to see something she did not see herself. If so, I failed to see it. . . . If I seem to quarrel, ungratefully, with this novel, that may be because it is outstanding enough to raise hopes of water-tight excellence. . . . The beginning is a little hazy and slow (which may be due to the retrospective manner), but the end, with its subtle dialogue, moves quickly. . . . Evenfield itself, I must return to say, became as real to me as a house in my own past.

Haig



Obtainable also
in small sizes

*No finer Whisky
goes into any bottle...*

The Highway of Fashion

BY M. E. BROOKE

Hats are very much in the limelight at the moment, as it is problematical whether in the near future, coupons as well as money will have to be relinquished for them. It will be recalled that Molho, the well-known artist in fur, who has salons at 5, Duke Street, Manchester Square, also specialises in hats; emphasis must be laid on the fact that the prices which prevail are very moderate. To him must be given the credit of those pictured on this page. On the left, opossum and felt share honours, the muff being composed of fur, while in the model on the extreme right, velvet and ocelot are present; this is a very happy combination. Now, regarding the furs, there are a decidedly limited number of beaver lamb coats, and the cost—it seems well-nigh incredible—is only twenty-seven guineas. They are gilt-edge investments. A fur that wears well is Canadian squirrel; it is very light and warm. Skunk capes are looked on with favour, the workings of the skins being unusually attractive



There is so much to do nowadays that only a very limited number of women can indulge in salon beauty treatments. Nevertheless, there is always time to treat the skin with some of the excellent Yardley's preparations; decidedly important ones are illustrated above, and are sold practically everywhere, the G.H.Q. in London being 40, Piccadilly. After a tiring day, there is nothing more refreshing than to bathe the face in Complexion Milk, which persuades the pores to relinquish the dust and dirt. The Hand Cream is a new preparation, and not only does it soften the skin, but it overcomes irritation caused by hard work. For those who from time to time desire to revel in a luxurious bath, there is Fern Soap, and boxes of Bath Cubes and, last but by no means least desirable, is the Orchis Dusting Powder. Among the perfumes that are ever welcome is the Bond Street—a perfect Christmas present. Neither must it be overlooked that Lavender—the Lovable Fragrance—is a necessity rather than a luxury



Warm, simple and light coats are among the important things to be considered when replenishing the winter wardrobe; indeed they are coupon-savers. It is splendid news that Corot, 33, Old Bond Street, are continuing their "payments-by-instalments" system, full details of which will be sent on application. To them must be given the credit of the tweed coat illustrated above; it is available in many colour schemes. Attention must be drawn to the capacious pockets and the turnover collar. The hat, with the becoming peak, is of jersey, and, although not guaranteed weatherproof, the entire outfit will withstand ordinary showers. Again, there are swagger coats which are made of a soft woolly fabric. The well-set collars are small and neat, and terminate in soft falling revers. The back is arranged with three seams, and is lined throughout. There are slightly fitting coats in boucle; an excellent idea is that the seams terminate in pleats



**Mix your Horlicks with water only —
the milk is already in it**

Many people keep their Horlicks to have as a night-top. It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work. Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demand on the milk supply. The correct way to make

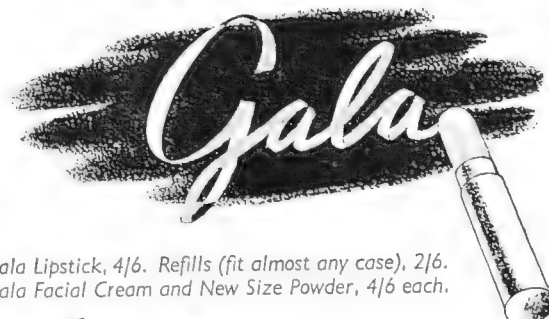
Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids, and those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.



C O N F I D E N C E

CONFIDENCE plays an important part in our wartime lives, for it is confidence that makes good leaders and good workers. In a woman, confidence springs from both character and appearance, and it is for this reason that we recommend the use, in moderation, of Gala. For a touch of lively colour on the lips emphasises their character, and gives a feeling of self-confidence to the wearer.



Gala Lipstick, 4/6. Refills (fit almost any case), 2/6.
Gala Facial Cream and New Size Powder, 4/6 each.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN



Eddication

IT seems, if I read the statements made by those in high places correctly, that we are now fighting for a world in which no one will unintentionally drop their aitches. Everybody is to be educated. Everybody is to talk in the keen, clarion tones of the female visitors to the Brains' Trust. It will be a sadder but not a wiser world. For the experience of most people is that those men and women who have never had forcibly imprinted on their minds the essentially vulgar and undistinguished trade mark of "modern education" are often the wisest.

All of which leads me back to my perpetual grouse about the way men are selected for the Royal Air Force. There is too much emphasis on the sterile process known as education. It is admitted that the Royal Air Force contains many brilliant men; but it can never have too many of them.

Now if, as I suggest, it be true that some of the most brilliant men are uneducated—in the vulgar sense just mentioned—then they are being automatically excluded from the Service. I do not know what the evidence is, but I can name cases which seem to suggest that the highest manual dexterity goes with low "book learning."

We are mesmerised by bits of paper and the man who cannot fill up a form is in danger of being regarded as a half-wit, even if he can work miracles with his hands. It would be far better if, instead of fighting for a world in which nobody will drop their aitches, we fought for a world in which manual dexterity and direct knowledge of nature were given a prestige equal to that of book learning.

Down Wind

EVEN when there are problems of the utmost complexity to solve, it need not be supposed that a mathematical training is always needed to solve them. A case which has aroused a great deal of amusing and interesting discussion is that of the tail gunner of the bomber versus the forward firing guns of a following fighter.

The supposition is that the fighter is following

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

the bomber on exactly the same track and is flying at exactly the same speed, and that the guns and gunners are equal. Then, it is said, the tail gunner of the bomber derives an advantage because he is firing with the relative air stream.

Mathematics are always brought in when something is hard to understand. They are the most popular of all intellectual smoke-screens. Unless the mathematical study begins from sound premises it is more obscuring than illuminating.

I am not going to pour out my thoughts on this gunnery problem here; but I will say that with modern guns—anything over .303 in size—and at the normal air firing ranges, there is no appreciable difference. There is a difference, and it favours the tail gunner of the bomber; but it is so minute as to be outside practical consideration.

One reason why there has been so much mistaken mathematics on the subject is that ballistics and aerodynamics have been mixed up without a clear understanding of the relationship. If the "down wind" theory were right and the tail gunner had a big advantage by virtue of the relative air stream flowing in the same direction as the bullet, then we should see the bowler at cricket running *away* from the wicket just prior to delivering the ball in order to give the ball the aid of the relative air stream! This example alone should put those who care to think hard enough on the right track. But I do not recommend the subject as a soporific.

Flageolets and Fire-watchers

MOST comedians, it is said, aspire to play Hamlet; most journalists to write a great novel. In my

case I always hope to get back to what I consider to be my real profession, that of executive musician. And it was, therefore, with renewed hope that I noticed in *Fireman* that a great many years ago musicians used to fill in their spare time by fire-watching.

As a result of what I know about the effects of big R.A.F. raids I have lately made myself even more unpopular—if that is possible—with the Home Office by criticising the civil defence arrangements. I have

pointed out that, to spread fire-watchers about our cities is to sacrifice lives for the benefit of property—most of it property completely valueless to the war effort. My contention is that the real resources of Great Britain are represented by the men and women of Great Britain and not by dusty files and hideous assemblies of office furniture.

If the bombers came again in force I would strive to protect the men and women first, and afterwards concern myself with protecting the forests and papers and furniture and bricks and mortar. But the Ministry of Home Security works in the opposite direction.

It spreads its fire-watchers about all over the place and thereby ensures that if a building is hit somebody is almost sure to be hit in it.

There might, perhaps, be some compensation if we were to go back to the ancient ideas of fire-watching according to which a musician would do the job and would post himself on a high tower. From there he could scan the rooftops of the city, and at intervals he used to render solos on the flageolet. Fire-watching before the coming of aviation seems to have been quite a civilised affair.

At any rate, I am obliged to *The Fireman* for recalling this better form of fire-watching. It is almost as good a story as that which was also put about in the same distinguished journal, of the fire hydrant in a certain public library, which was assiduously polished for a period of seventeen years, when it was found that it was not connected up to any water supply. It seems a pity that fire-watching and fire-fighting in general is a less entertaining business than it used to be in its remoter past.

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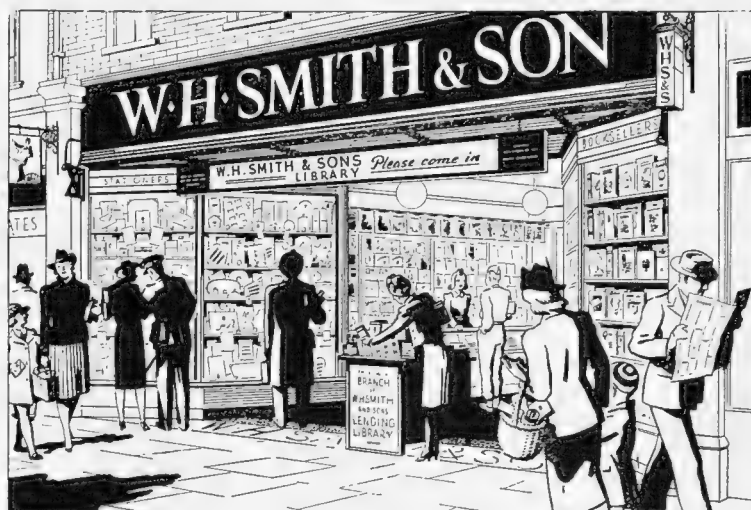
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Stories from Everywhere

THREE tortoises were drinking in a bar. They wanted some cigarettes, but the barman was out of stock. One of the tortoises said: "If you promise not to drink my beer, I'll go round the corner and get a packet."

After half an hour's wait, one of the other tortoises said: "Let's drink his beer." At this a voice from the door said: "If you do, I shan't go round and get the cigarettes."

"I've come to settle my account," said the long-term debtor. "Your last letter was a stinger—why, it would get money out of a stone!"

"Yes," smiled the tradesman, "I chose the best bits out of the letters my wife sends me."

THE Irishman was relating a story of his travels. "I landed on the island and started to explore," he said. "When I got to the middle of the island I saw the biggest bear I've ever seen in my life." He paused dramatically, and continued: "There was one tree on the island, and the lowest bough was twenty feet from the ground, and I jumped for it." "Did you manage to grasp it?" asked one of the audience.

"I didn't grasp it going up," replied the Irishman, "but I caught it coming down."

THE small evacuee walked ten miles from the village where he was billeted, back to his much-bombed home town.

"What's brought you back here?" asked his mother.

"I've come back for me catapult. They've got windows where I am!"

THE farmer took his small son to market. A prospective buyer was examining some cattle, and Johnny inquired, interestedly:

"Why's that man pinching those bullocks, dad?"

"He's thinking of buying them, son, and he's making sure they're good, sound meat," replied his father.

A day or two later the farmer was busy in his yard when Johnny came tearing towards him, yelling at the top of his voice:

"Dad, come quickly! The postman's going to buy cook!"

"GEORGE is a cute old bird. When he dis-posed of that business of his he told the buyer that his reason was that he had lost all his interest in it."

"Well?"

"He forgot to mention he had lost all his capital in it as well."

"I'm going to London tomorrow," remarked the colonel, "to get my eyes treated."

"Very well, sir," replied the second lieutenant.

"Please sir—would you remember to bring us back a programme?"



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THE lady was blessed with temper like gunpowder. "Tell me, dear," said her husband, after one of her outbursts, "how it was I never discovered this unhappy weakness of yours during our courtship days? However did you restrain yourself?"

"Well," replied his wife, "used to go upstairs and bit pieces out of the top of the dressing-table."

STAYING at a boarding-house was a man not noted for his early rising. One morning about six o'clock he surprised the landlady by walking into the kitchen in his dressing-gown, a small medicine glass in his hand. She asked for some water. She filled the glass and he returned to his room.

A few minutes later he returned, still yawning, with the same glass and the same request, and five minutes later he again asked her to fill the glass.

"Whatever is the matter?" inquired the landlady. "Aren't you well?"

The young man yawned.

"I'm all right, but my—my room's on fire."

THE mistress was chatting with her coloured servant in the kitchen.

"And so your wedded life was not so happy, Hannah?" asked the lady of the house. "What was the trouble. December married to May?"

"Lan' sake, no, mum!" replied the darkie woman. "Labour Day wedded to de Day of Res!"

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